

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A Monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation, and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular storypapers. Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Pleasant St., Grafton, Mass., U.S.A. Price \$1.00 per year-ten cents a copy.

VOL.5

AUGUST 1936

NO.53

The Original issue of this number-of which this is a Reprint; bore on it's cover, a reproduction of a very early copy of "Work and Win" featuring "Fred Fearnot, or, School Days at Avon." with a scene evidently depicting Fred's arrival at Avon...Below the illustration, were the words: "Fred Fearnot, or, School Days at Avon. That was over 30 years ago, that Fred came to see us through the old five cent nickel library. And Frank T. Fries, of Orrville, Ohio, has loaned me this electrotpe, and besides, Frank will surprise us all, very soon, too."

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DEADWOOD DICK AGAIN.

He figured in a thousand tales that stirred the boys of long ago; his gun was charged with rusty nails, and every day, he slew a foe..Invincible, he went his way, this hero of the hill and plain, and enemies who came to slay, were carried off on stretcher, slain..Oh countless boys in countless barns gave stolen hours to Deadwood Dick; and now we think of those old yarns and we are wounded to the quick..We find our hero never killed, he never shot up human skates; the road behind him wasn't filled with bones of butchered delegates..Not long ago, he died in bed, an old, old man, his labors done; his person wasn't full of lead, there were no notches on his gun. In frontier days, he cut much grass, did yeoman service as a scout; his life was useful, but alas, he never stood and shot it out.

He was no wizard with a gat, although he packed one many years; it maybe he could hit a cat, or chip the horns of Texas steers,..but he exchanged no deadly shots with bad men of that time, remote, to send them off to Boot Hill lots, deprived forever of their goat.

A quiet, inoffensive man, he jogged along Life's thoroughfare; his record we intently scan, and find no purple patches there.. He died in bed without his boots, a pastor breathing words of hope, and what's become of those rahoos, who wrote the Deadwood Richard dope ?..Why were we reared to think that Dick regarded homicide, as fun, to find, when he's no longer quick, he had no notches on his gun ?..Alas for dreams we used to know, when we'd be Deadwood Dicks, and slay; 'tis thus our fond illusions go, our divers gods show feet of clay.---Walt Mason.

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MY FIRST NOVEL

By Stewart H.V. Bender.....

Along back about 1914 when I was a schoolboy of 14, I had a bag of rags which I had to sell, and at the dealer in waste materials, I happened to notice, on top of a bundle of papers, a paper which looked neither like a newspaper, nor a magazine. The paper had no cover and was somewhat soiled, but on glancing at it, I noticed on the top of the first page, the caption, "Liberty Boys of '76". That "76" drew my attraction, because I coupled it immediately with 1776 and my favorite study in school had always been, the history of our American Revolution. I always was interested, and fairly lived in the days of our long past in my histories of the struggle of our colonies, in their eventually successful cause of independence, of the Redmen, the Frontiersmen, and the ragged continentals; of the romances of our colonial officers; of the military strategy of our great generals; of the treason of Lee, and the treason and infidelity of General Arnold; of Washington's magnificent generalship and his implicit trust and faith

in God of his unselfish sacrifices for his country's, your country's, and my country's sake, than to the Tories who thought more of their King, than their own birthright of Liberty. How the Gold and Laced bedecked "redcoats" with their powdered wigs, their snuff boxes, their pewters and their long pipes--Can't you vision them as they sit about the great fires in the comfortable taverns, quaffing their punches and drawing on their long pipes, quite confident that the rebels would soon surrender to a tyrannical King, and would compare them to Washington's little army in rags, cooped up in makeshift huts in Valley Forge, with half enough food, many without blankets, and without the cheer of their home comfort. But their cause for Liberty led these men to sacrifice their comforts for what they saw on the horizon; that progress which has developed into one of the most powerful nations on this earth, because of their sacrifices; because of Washington's and their own indomitable courage which won for us, that with which God has blessed us: Liberty and Democracy--representation in government--and the benefits of our own taxation. When Washington knelt in prayer, in the snow at Valley Forge, he knew that only God could save the remnant of his army, and his confidence in God, assured his ultimate success, which meant the freedom of his people, and the foundation of a great nation; a Freedom and equality which knows no partial creed or race; a union of strength and of national progress (E. Pluribus Unum) Pro Viriet plus Libertus.

That is why I like Liberty Boys of '76, because the facts from which their author, Mr. Moore (Harry Moore was the pen name for A. D. Cox and Cecil Burleigh--see Cummings Novel Catalog for 1936) used as a basis for his stories, gives us a fictional story of detailed living scenes of those times. They bring before us, the general everyday lives of the early colonists, and the military strategy of our early times. I come of a military family, represented in all our wars, back to the Revolution, so you can see when I looked at that paper, why I picked it up and inquired how much

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the dealer wanted for that book. He said to put it in my pocket and take it along. I took the novel home and read it, and it sure was a good one. It was No. 210-The Liberty Boys on the Pedes, or, Maneuvering with Marion..I read it through and then sent to Mr. Tousey, asking him for a catalog, which he sent me. From then on, I purchased them in \$1.00 lots, for a year or more. When the war began, I enlisted, having at that time, around 200 of them. I loaned them to a neighbor friend who wished to read them, but after I came home from the war, he claimed they were lost. I

I didn't get any more until 1932 when I happened to pick up No. 410 in a book shop in Troy, N.Y. Then I decided to make an effort to build up an entire collection of them from 1 to 1273. I now have 274 of them, besides a big lot that has just come in.

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THE ADVERTISERS in

the original issue included the following:

KOWALCZYK BROS.....Worcester, Mass.

M.E.MARSH.....Ithaca, N.Y.

WM.M.KRELING.....San Francisco, Calif.

A.R.HATHAWAY.....Poquonock, Conn.

RALPH F.CUMMINGS..Grafton, Mass., who had taken over "AUSTIN'S" COLLECTION, and in a full-page, offered 96 Pluck & Luck-137 Work & Win-56 Wild West Weekly-10 Fame & Fortune-and 500 copies of the New York Ledger (no two alike).

Also some fine Old Sleuths-and various items dear to the heart of any collector, of such dime novel publications.

Mr.Cummings listings completely filled entire back cover.